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ENTITLED

THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE

favor. Do you not see that the destruction of the will would give him both mistress

"I have thought of that," the detective

answered, "but I don't take your view. If Miss Eversleigh could induce Mr. Ralph to allow her to act on her father's will, she might marry Mr. Eric, if she were so minded,

without any compunction. But you cannot convey an estate to a man who refuses to have it. Mr. Ralph has Miss Eversleigh in

order to win her. She must either marry him or rob him of both estate and mistress.

She would probably accept him when she saw no other way of making good to him his loss of fortune. There is a good reason, therefore, for suspecting Mr. Ralph; and the same reason holds good for not suspecting Mr. Eric. If he is the culprit he will be

caught in his own trap. He is not such a

"In that case there are two alternative

possible motives to be attributed to Mr. Ralph-a chivalrous wish to unde his

uncle's act, or a crafty scheme to put Miss

Eversleigh into your cleft stick and compel her to marry him whether she cares for him

So much of this conversation between Mr. Webber it is necessary to repeat in order, that what follows may be clearly understood.

Doggett left the room soon afterward and turned down the corridor leading to the

servants' hall, where Bennett's room was situated, intending to have a conversation

with that worthy; meditating even a dis-closure of his identity and his errand to Eversleigh Hall, for by this time he had formed the highest opinion of the old servant's trustworthiness. Just as he reachd

Bennett's room, however, Bessie, one of the upper housemaids, came along, and finding the room empty Doggett drew her in and

"Look here, Bessie Dance, I want to ask

"Laws a mussy, Mister Holmes, what

"You remember the 'Squire being brought

corded. At its close there was a look of

triumph in the detective's eye, and Bessie resumed her progress upstairs, with her cheeks in a blaze and her heart thumping

ed from her father's body and she had flung

word unless he was addressed, though his eyes, like the eyes of some great faithful

imploring pity on her every movement.

He cursed his cousin Eric savagely in his heart when he heard his profuse expressions

necessary to his cousin's comfort. He ground his teeth in impotent wrath when

face-though it was a wan and wintry

He was roused temporarily out of his

apathy when he heard of the missing will, but his interest ceased immediately when he learned that the will left him master of

park and plantation, covering many miles every day, neglecting to return the salutes

of those who met him, never even appear-

ing to see them, so wrapt was he in his gloomy reflections. It seemed to Gwendo-

line as if her father's death or some more occult cause had "froze the genial current

of his soul" and that he was trying to avoid

her; and her womanly heart went forth in

divinest pity toward this man in whose breast all hope and all interest in life

excited in Gwendoline that compassion which is so akin to love that "thin par-

If Ralph had known and intended it, he

was taking the course that was best adapted

that lay so near to his uncle's heart. But

the death of the 'Squire had acted with a peculiar effect on Ralph's temperament,

who was he that he should dare to aspire to

the hand of the heiress of Eversleigh? Had he not all his life long, since the death of his father, eaten the bread of depend-ence? What right had his uncle to disin-

herit his own daughter in his favor? How could it be right for him to take advantage

of the position in which the will placed him, supposing the will were discovered.

"But the will won't be found," Ralph mur-mured to himself with a grim chuckle, "dead men tell no tales and burnt docu-

Ralph was proud; and now that he had awoke to his position, without fortune or lands, without a profession by which he could make his own way in the world, it

seemed to his morbid self-consciousness that it was nothing less than presumption for him-to dream of renewing his suit. Men would stigmatise him as a fortune-hunter,

and he would suffer in his own self-respec

forever. With Eric, whom his jealousy taught him that Gwendoline was disposed

to favor, it was different. Eric enjoyed a

handsome allowance from his father, whose wealth would enable him to make such a provision for his eldest son as would save

him from the imputation of seeking his

cousin's love from mercenary motives.

Altogether Ralph felt that his cup was

very bitter; and now that Gwendoline

He was setting out for one of his daily peregrinations, when he was arrested by a message that Miss Eversleigh wished to see

him in the morning room.

His heart leaped within him—he could

not help that—as he entered the room and Gwendoline welcomed him with such a

but he pulled himself sharply together and

nile as he had not seen her bestow on Eric;

tood there in the middle of the room like a

girl was fast slipping out of his cont

ments don't come to light again.

titions" alone divide the two sentiments

saw Gwendoline smile back in Eric's

of sympathy, and saw how he strove thoughtful attentions to make hims

"That is so."

you a question or two

BEING PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEB-BER, Formerly General Manager of the Universal Insurance Company.

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## CHUTH IN HIS DWN TIBL. | said Mr. Webber. "Both the young men are suitors for Miss Eversleigh's hand. Let us imagine that Mr. Eric is most in

The search for the missing will was not resumed until the week following the burial of the late 'Squire. For one thing, Mr. Webber was not anxious to begin the quest until the excitement occasioned by the news that the will was not to be found, as the \*Squire had stated, which passed through the whole household like an electrical shock, a cleft stick. He has only to stand out had time to subside. He wished also to against her determination to act on her father's will, when it is not forthcoming, in allow Doggett time to discover some clue before courting the risks of fresh suspicioa that would be certain to arise when once the search was begun in good earnest, and ended-as he feared it would end-in a bar-

Doggett-or Holmes, as he was known at Eversleigh-soon succeeded in installing himself a prime favorite in the servants hall, though it must be admitted that his gleanings from that field were few and poor. He soon learnt, however, that both the cousins were "uncommon sweet on their dear young lady," but opinion was sharply divided among the servants as to who would prove the lucky man. Both Ralph and Eric were equally popular; Ralph as treated by the late 'Squire "exactly as his own son," and Eric for his genial and courteous manners. The servants, too, though closely watched by the astute detective, were seen to be thoroughly honest. As Bennett (whom Doggett succeeded in turning inside out in very little time) observed, "there's not one of the servants who would injure a hair of master Ralph's head or do anything to vex Miss Eversleigh; and both things would happen if any of them had tampered with the will." "Besides," he asked, triumphantly, "why should they do it? Tell me that. Why should they do it now?" One important fact, however, the detective succeeded in worming out of the butler. When he received the 'Squire's clothing, and Mr. Eversleigh's own instructions to see that they were brushed and replaced in his wardrobe, he took them to his own

his wardrobe, he took them to his own room and laid them aside.

"I had something else to think about, I do assure you, just then," said Bennet, "besides giving out his clothes to be brushed, when Dr. Deane came down stairs and told me the bad news. When I heard that my poor dear master was dying, you might have knocked me down with a feather. Yes, you might. His clothes went clean out of my head. They were never meddled with until the next morning, when I emptied the pockets and gave them to James to brush." "And the keys were not there then?"

"Else where should they be This logic was convincing to the hearer, who had grown to entertain a hearty liking for the old servant.

"And, naturally, you did not lock your room at night?" Doggett centinued.

"No, I didn't. We are all honest people here, I can tell you."

Here than was a clew at lest and one

that seemed worth while following up. If anyone, beyond what the barest civility deny persons wanted to obtain possession of the 'Squire's keys in order to make away cousin Gwendoline since he led her from with the will, what was to hinder them | the room where the last breath had departavailing themselves of Bennett's absence from his room during the long, miserable herself on the inanimate clay in a violent night when the 'Squire lay dying? herself on the inanimate clay in a violent paroxysm of grief. He only met her when from his room during the 100g, and night when the 'Squire lay dying?'

"Phew," cried the detective softly to himthe household came together for the necessary meals, and then he would speak no sary meals.

that before. There can only be one of the young men for it. The only question is, which of them is the culprit? Is it Eric? The trick would be too blackguardly for a nice-spoken fellow like General Vernon's son to do. When he can have Miss Eversleigh and a snug fortune with her, as Ben nett says, for the asking, he could scarcely be so covetous as to want the whole. There is only Ralph for it. But what could be his little game? To refuse to allow Miss Eversleigh to act on her father's will unless she consented to include herself with the estates? Not a bad idea that. I must The search for the missing will was fixed

to commence after lunch on the Monday after the funeral. Mr. Webber, deciding that occupation of so exciting a nature would serve to withdraw Miss Eversleigh tained her consent to assist in the quest. Bric offered his services with alacrity, and was joined to the party. Ralph moodily stood aloof, declining, for reasons to be disclosed, to bear a hand. Mr. Webber sed Bennett into the service, who, if pressed Bennett into the service, who, if the truth must be told, would have been highly offended it he had been left out in the cold. Doggett was allowed to remain master of his own movements, to join in the search or to employ himself as he pleased. . Webber was sitting in the library be fore lunch when the detective entered the

room.
"I should just like to have a word with you, sir, before you begin."
"Very good, but make your story as short as you can. It is only to say that I hope you will

find the will, and I think you may. "Why do you think so?" don't think it will ever be unravelled—the culprit in that case has laid his plans too Of the two alternatives I lean to the

forgot that he had done so. But the keys? How do you get over the T admit that the keys are important, and if anybody was bent on destroying the will they had ample opportunity to do so, for

Bennett did not examine the clothes un "That is very important," said Mr. Web-

ber. "Yes, it is important, supposing that there is a scamp in the house. Is there? If so, who is it? There are only three persons for it—Miss Eversleigh, Mr. Ralph and Mr. Eria. Of course, it is our business to suspect everybody, but we must look to motive. The only person interested in the destruction of the will appears to be Miss Eversleigh, but that is impossible. Shall we say Mr. Ralph? It would be a curious thing for a man to do: destroy a will that gave him a fine estate like this.

gave him a fine estate like this. Still he might have some motive for so mad an act.

"By Jovel Doggett," cried Mr. Webber, "I believe you have caught the right pig by the ear. It is just the thing that that young man would do, if it entered his head to suppose that the 'Squire was unjust in leaving the property away from his daughter."

Doggett maintained an unbroken silence. eagerly watching the countenance of his

"Why not Mr. Eric, if we are to begin by suspecting the family," demanded Mr. Webber suddenly after a pause.
"Mr. Eric loses a legacy by the disappearance of the will, What is his mo-

figure carved in stone.
"Won't you sit down, Ralph?" Gwendo-line asked timidly, while a scarlet blush dyed her cheeks, for now Ralph had come

to her at her bidding she was at a loss how to begin. She meant in her pity for him to bring some balm to his wounded spirit, and, if needs be, to chide him for his conduct that was adding so cruelly to her distress. But she was half afraid now that he stood

He took a seat near her, and then, placing her cold hand on his, which burned as if he were consumed by some inward fever, she

gathered courage.
"I want you to join in the search for poor papa's will, Ralph."
"I cannot do that," he said.
"Why not? Come, tell me—tell me every-

"There is nothing to tell," he answered gloomily, "only I thought you knew me better, Gwendoline, than to suppose that I would do anything to disinherit you. You, whom I love have any anything also." He whom I love beyond everything else." He had not meant to refer to his love, but the speech escaped him before he knew it.

"But, Raiph, you are laboring under a serious mistake," persistad Gwendoline gently. "Do you not know that Eversleigh has always some to an Exceptaigh time out.

gently. "Do you not know that Eversleigh has always gone to an Eversleigh, time out of mind, in the male line. And you are forgetting that I am not disinherited. The will secures to me a large sum of money, too large for my requirements I am afraid. I shall not know what to do with it."

"Say no more, Gwendoline," said Ralph, rising from his seat. "This talk is useless. I shall never be master of Eversleigh. That

"That is nonsense," Gwendoline replied quickly. "When the will is found you will be master here, whether you like it or not."
"The will won't be found," said Ralph, with a bitter laugh.

At this, Miss Eversleigh rose from her

seat, and placing her hand on Ralph's arm, fixed her blue eyes, that were filled with tears, searchingly upon his face.

"Forgive me, Ralph," she said tenderly, "I do not wish to give you pain, but your manner is so strange that I must ask the question. Have you destroyed the will?"

"What should put such a thought as that into your head?" asked Ralph, evasively.
"If you have not destroyed the will,"

what it is?" asked Mr. Webber, doubtfully.
"That is my meaning, sir. It is better
for the interests of all parties that you
should place the fullest confidence in me, and for this reason. It is probable that I may have to take the most desperate venture I have ever taken yet. If so, you will be thankful, when it is over, that you were

not drawn into it, and that it was attempted without even your knowledge."

Mr. Webber's confidence in his private inquiry agent was so great that he deemed it advisable to take the hint, and leave

Doggett to his own devices.

"Perhaps you would not mind mentioning this evening at dinner, when the servants are about, that you intend to call in the services of two experienced detectives."

Mr. Webber looked curiously at the expressionless face of the detective, and gave a quick nod of intelligence.

"I see! You want to try what fear will do."

"That's about it." The next morning Gwendoline heard that her cousin Eric was about to leave. "Is it true that you are going, Eric?" she

"Yes, I was thinking of going to-day," he replied. "If I could be of any assistance by remaining I would do so. But I have already remained longer than I intended, what with uncle's death and the plaguey bother about this will."

"It is very strange what can have become of it," Gwendoline answered musingly,
"And it is still more strange what has be

come of poor Ralph!"
"I would not trouble about that," said
Eric, lightly. "Ralph is all right. You
may depend upon that."
Something in his tone jarred on Gwendoline's ear, and she declined to pursue the subject further.

"Coming back to your determination to leave us." she said.

"Do not say determination to leave us,"

said Eric in a tender tone. 'You know how willingly I would stay on. But now that the search is over, people might make remarks."
"What about?" asked Gwendoline in



"In course I do. As if a body would ever forget that."
"Between the time of the 'Squire coming home and the next morning, when he died, did you see anyone enter this room?" Bessie's answers to the close catechizing Bessie's answers to the close catechizing to which she was subjected need not be resaid Miss Eversleigh, ignoring Ralph's question, "it must be found. It can only have been mislaid."

"Let us hope that it will never be found. It can be no good. If it is recov-ered I shall bid you farewell forever." "This is madness, Ralph—sheer madin her breast like a frightened bird. For had she not taken an oath that she would not reveal the conversation that she had been holding with Mr. Holmes, until he gave her permission, for if she did, it would be sure to injure Miss Eversleigh?

"Well, I am mad," replied Ralph, stubbornly. "What of that? Men have gone mad for less, I think."

"I cannot understand you, Ralph," said Miss Eversleigh in a pained and perplexed

that to reproach you, don't his. The only least, you can understand this. The only friend I ever had in all the world is gone. What

There is no loneliness like mine, care I for houses or lands now?" "You forget, Ralph," said Gwendoline, with some dignity, "that my loss is as great as yours. Some would think it greater."
"No, I do not forget that, Gwendoline," exclaimed Ralph gently, and then added with a bitterness of tone that pained and

shocked Gwendoline, "but for you there is comfort; for me none." "Comfort Ralph? How can you say so?" cried Gwendoline faintly.

"Ay, comfort! The mistress of Ever leigh will soon have lovers in plenty." scarcely veiled reproach was uttered cut Grendoline deeply, and her bosom heaved wildly at the thought of what she was about

to do. A moment more and she would have flung herself on his breast and whispered in his ear, "Take me to your heart, Ralph, and let us comfort each other." But Kalph had not the instinct to read the signs of wayer-ing in her flushed face, her heaving breast, and the look of intense sorrowful yearning that she cast upon him. He spoke, and his next speech destroyed the spell.
"Let this end, Gwendoline," he said

hastily. "It is painful for both, and can do no good. I swear solemnly that there exists no good. I swear solemnly that there exists no power that can keep me at Eversleigh."
"Be it so," answered Gwendoline, proudly, feeling her efforts scorned. "I have done. I will plead no more."

Ralph turned on his heel and left her— left her too quickly to hear the passionate sobbing of the woman whom he had left be-hind. For at last the woman's heart within her spoke loudly. Pity had completed wha her father's dying words had begun—what had been begun in her long before, if Ralph had been a wiser lover.

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph, come back to me," she cried. "We are alone together, and I love you, I love you," and she buried her face in the couch on which she had flung herself when the door closed on Ralph. But Ralph had passed out of earshot, and when night fell there was another myster when high the mystery already reigning at added to the mystery already reigning at Eversleigh Hall, for Ralph did not return. He had gone and left no trace behind.

A month passed after Ralph's disappear ance. No tidings had been received from him, and the search for the missing will was at an end. The house had been searched from top to bottom. It had been renewed, and the same process repeated, with futile result. Eric had borne a principal part in the quest, and Doggett, too, had worked side by side with him, assisting to unravel the mysterious disappearance of

There was no room for doubt that the will had been stolen. Mr. Webber, in his recoil from the dark suspicions opened out, would fain have found a loophole for escape by falling back on the supposition that the 'Squire's mind had been wandering, but Miss Eversleigh's testimony on this point no other alternative left. The will had been

There was only Eric or Ralph for it. But who could suspect the open-minded and candid Eric, who had labored more assiducandid Eric, was that a unearth the missing ously than they all to unearth the missing document? Ralph's disappearance on the very day when the search was resumed wore an ugly look; and Mr. Webber found himself driven to the conclusion that some over-scrupulous regard for the interests of his cousin had led Ralph to destroy the will and secure to her the inheritance to the Eversleigh estates.

When Doggett was asked his opinion or the matter he confessed himself unable to decide. He had a clew-so he said-but of so fragile a character that he must ask to be "Do you mean that I am not to know

some confusion "They might say that I was remaining behind to take advantage of the heiress of Eversleigh, and that would never do. I mean to return later if you will allow me."
"You know I shall be pleased to see you

"You have been very good. But please don't hint at that. I shall never marry;" and her eyes dropped as she breathed a sigh for the absent Ralph.

Eric flattered himself that he had too Miss Eversleigh in a pained and perplexed tone.

"Let us bring this interview to a close, Gwendoline. I do not expect you to understand me. You never cared to. I don't say that to reproach you, God forbid. But, at the first has the has too much experience of the sex to be dismayed by this announcement. The 'Squire's death was too recent; and the trouble about the missing will was pressing too heavily upon the brawny muscles of a pair of arms that the has too much experience of the sex to be dismayed by this companion simply took off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves, displaying the brawny muscles of a pair of arms that the has too He was confident that he had made good running since he came down to Eversleigh, and now that Ralph was out of the way he

was too astute a campaigner to press his advantage permaturely. He would trust to time and absence to ripen matters. Eric decided to leave by the last train that left Bemerton for London. Bemerton is connected with the main line by a loop line, some 15 miles from the famous West-ern junction. Gwendoline proposed that r should be served at an earlier

to suit Eric's arrangements.

There was a look of sadness on Gwendoline's face as the hour of parting drew near, from which Eric drew rapid conclusions in favor of his suit when the time came for him to urge it. His spirits rose, and he lin gered over dinner, partaking freely of wine, until he broke off with a start. "Bennett," he cried, as he pulled out his

watch and noted the time, "hasn't Jenkins brought round the dog-cart yet?" "I will inquire, sir," the demurely. He returned with the announce

the dog-cart full quarter of an hour. "Why didn't the fellow send in?" asked This is cutting it fine with a vengeance. There is barely time to catch the

"You will come back if you miss it?" Gwendoline exclaimed. "No, I think not. We must drive to the junction in that case and catch the express," Eric replied, "But let us hope we shall catch the train."

Eric's farewells were hastily said, and a moment more he was seated by Jenkns' side driving rapidly in the direction of

desiring that Eric's progress to Bemerton should be delayed. There was a heavy fog en, and though Jenkins was wont to declare that he could drive for 20 miles round Ever-sleigh blindfold, he managed to take a wrong turn that carried them some miles out of their track. "Well, I'm blowed if we haven't taken

the road to Shenton," he cried.
"Hang it, madman," exclaimed Eric,
wrathfully, "what do you mean by playing "what do you mean by playing "Couldn't help it, sir," answered Jenkins. "In this 'ere fog you can see nothing."

When Eric arrived at Bemerton station e found the train had gone.
"No matter," he cried, "you must drive

Meanwhile Doggett was engaged at the Junction, where Eric was bound, in close conversation with an official. "I hope I make my meaning quite clear," he was saying. "We don't want to arrest him here. In fact we cannot do it, because

the warrant is at the other end. All the same, we cannot afford to lose sight of our man until we are met at Paddington. We must travel with him."
"We are always glad to be able to serve you, gentlemen," said the official, smiling, 'and if it can be done it shall be." "It must be done," said Doggett, slipping a sovereign into the man's hands. "It is as

"You are sure he will make for this sta-"You are sure he will make for this sta-tion?" asked the man.
"Quite sure," replied Doggett; "unless he is delayed by this fog. He will come driving up in a dog-cart drawn by a blue roan. Can't mistake the color. But my mate will point him out. All you have to do is to choose your own man to meet him. He will want a carriage to himself, and his luggage with him. Let the porter see he has all he wants, and lock him in. Then at the last moment you come and fetch me and bustle me and my mate into the carriage

with him, and trust us to hand him over all right at the other end.' upon, and when Eric arrived at the Junction, the burly porter needed no bint from Doggett's mate to tell him that this was the man whose coming was so eagerly looked

for.
"Here, porter, take these two portman-teaus for the up express," cried Eric

Vernon, jumping quickly down, and stamp-Vernon, jumping quickly down, and stamping his feet on the payement to restore the circulation in his limbs, which had been chilled by the long ride in the cold, raw fog, more suggestive of November than the first week in May. The spring had turned off cold that year, and the night that Eric selected for his journey was the coldest and most unpleasant that a late spring had brought.

He waited while the porter obtained as-sistance and carried his luggage to the plat-

"No, I shall not want them labeled," he said, a resting the man's movement. "You can manage me a first-class to myself, I dare say, and I will have these two portmanteaus

say, and I will have these two portmanteaus in the carriage with me."

Having settled his arrangements, Eric lighted a cigar and adjourned to the refreshment room, where he called for a brandy. There was still an hour to wait before the express was due. But Eric managed to while away the time by sharp exercise up and down the long and dreary platform, with occasional adjournments to the refreshment room in search of cold brandies.

At last the train rushed in. There was ten minutes to wait before the express re-sumed its journey, but Eric at once took his place in the carriage which an obliging porter reserved for his use, with his two

Ortmanteaus on the seat opposite.

When the train was about to start the When the train was about to start the porter, who had mounted guard over the carriage, touched his cap and remarked, "You will do all right, sir. The passengers are taking their places."

"Many thanks!" said Eric, sliding a bulky silver image of Her Majesty into the man's hand, who touched his cap once more and, having wished him a pleasant journey, walked away.

walked away.

A piercing scream from the engine whistle, and at the last moment the door of the carriage was flung open, and a superior official stood bowing an entrance to an elderly gentleman with grey hair and whiskers and reverend espect. reverend aspect, muffled up from head to foot, who was accompanied by his manservant. A smothered curse rose to Eric's lips at the invasion, but it was useless to protest. He had not engaged the compartment, and the uniform of the official suggested an officer who was above the correct. gested an officer who was above the corrupting influence of "tips." The stranger
seemed to Eric to be troubled with an asthmatical cough, and in this circumstance he
saw an element of hope.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "this is a
smoking carriage, and I am airaid my cigar
will annoy you."

will annoy you."
"Not at all, not at all—smoke myself,"
the stranger testily replied, glaring angrily
from under the pent-house of his bushy,
gray eyebrows at this plain hint that his

gray evebrows at this plain hint that his presence was resented as an intrusion.

Even as he spoke the signal was given. Another shrill scream from the whistle and the train was in motion. As it glided out of the station the lights on the platform twinkled faintly in the fog and disappeared. There was no further stop until London was reached.

The all gentlemen solled himself into his

reached.

The old gentleman couled himself into his corner and composed himself to sleep, his servant carefully arranging the rugs over his knees. This done the valet followed the

his knees. This done the valet followed the example of his master.

The lamp in the carriage burned dimly, and was rendered more faint by the fog that penetrated within. The light was too obscure to read by, and Eric, upon whom his repeated "nips" had begun to tell, thought he could not do better than snatch an hour's reason. he could not do better than snatch an hour's repose. He flung his cigar away, and in a few minutes his stertorous breathing proclaimed that he was in deep aleep.

Then a strange thing happened. The elderly gentleman suddenly awoke and glanced searchingly at the sleeper. Next he quickly divested himself of his traveling cap, muffler, coat, wig, and the rest of the "properties" of his disguise, and stood forth in his own proper character—Doggett, the detective.

'Sound as a church,' was the laconic re-Doggett next drew forth from his pocket

a coil of thin, but well-strained rope, a manilla, and made it ready for use. At the signal, his companion threw him self upon the sleeping Eric, and pinned him

fast; while Doggett, with marvelous celerity coiled the rope round and round, twisting it this way and turning it that, until, before Eric could recover from the astonishment and terror into which the sudden atbound hand and foot, after the the manne of the Davenport Brothers, his arms securely fastened to his side, and his legs fastened as though they were in the stocks,
"I thought I had not forgotten the old

trick," said Doggett, with a triumphant chuckle over his exploit. "Now, Joe, out with his keys, and look alive." The light was too dim for Eric to recog nize his assailants, and he had not the remotest suspicion of their real purpose; not unnaturally concluding that he was the victim of an audacious railway robbery, and

mentarily expecting that the pair would shoot him through the carriage door, and leave him to make his bed on the permanent way. But while the two men were busily engaged overhauling the contents of his two portmanteaus, the train, which was rushing onward at 50 miles an hour, dashed through Reading station, and the lights on the plat-form adding something to the illumination of the carriage lamp. Eric for the first time

caught a glimpse of Doggett's well-remer bered features.

"Holmes!" he exclaimed, as the station lamps flashed full on the detective's fase.

"Ten thousand devils! Curse you!" Just then Doggett drew forth from the

cond portmanteau the missing will.
"Here it is," he cried, ignoring Eric's
rath. "The last Will and Testament of Balph Eversleigh, of Eversleigh Hall,

The detective's suspicions had jastened on Eric Vernon as the real delinquent in the matter from the time that he held his inter-

view with Bessie Dance, the housemaid, in Bennet's room, to which reference was made in a former chapter. When the detective questioned the maid on her knowledge of the persons who had entered Bennet's room in the interval between the home-bringing of the injured 'Squire and his death on the following morning, he expected that that was only the beginning of a long'examination of the servants. But it appeared that Bessie had seen Mr. Vernon late in the evening quit Bennet's room, looking round him carefully as he did so, as though he were afraid of being seen. When once the detective had discovered that Eric had obtained access to the room containing the clothes of the 'Squire, in the pockets of which it was probable the missing keys then were, he entertained no doubt that Eric-for so motive that he could not fathom-had stolen the keys and purloined the will. At all events, he felt persuaded that he had a clue to work upon at last. He accordingly joined the search party with the express ob-ject of keeping an eye on Erre, and what he saw only tended to confirm his suspicions. Eric's activity in the quest was beyond all praise. He showed himself keen and eager; and when the rest began to lose heart, he and when the rest began to lose neart, he alone maintained asangaine demeanour and continued to speak hopefully. If a fresh suggestion were made it was sure to come from his lips. So admirably did Eric behave that to the watchful eye of the detective he seemed a splendid actor, but was

at last set down as overdoing his part.

It was at Eric's suggestion that they set out on a second search, in which Doggett took no part. The detective stood out of the game that Eric was playing in the hope that some plan might present itself for an

examination of Eric's bedroom without attracting the attention of the servants.

It was, as Doggett subsequently described it, a case of "touch and go." He had only good cause for suspicion to go upon. If through any action of his, Eric became suspected by the household, and the suspicion should turn out erroneous, the result would be seriously to compromise Mr. Webber, who had introduced a prying servant into the house, and one so lost to all sense of duty that he had even dared to insinuate anything against so honorable and upright a young man as Mr. Vernon, who occupied an assured position. tracting the attention of the servants.

an assured position.

It was not easy to obtain an entrance into Eric's room unperceived. Doggett, who overheard Eric one day confessing to Mr. Webber that he was a heavy sleeper, determined at last to effect an entrance by night. He waited until the great clock that stood in the hall struck out the hour—two hours of a midsight. He found Eric's room sein the hall struck out the hour—two hours after midnight. He found Eric's room securely fastened. The next night he obtained a ladder and renewed the attempt from the outside, but discovered to his mortification that the ladder was too short for his purpose. There was another ladder kept near the stables, but this was too heavy for him to carry single handed, and, though at his wit's end, he hesitated to take a second person, even the trusty Bennet. a second person, even the trusty Bennet, into his confidence.

At last fortune favored him. The coveted

entrance was obtained after a third attempt, but only for the detective to find that fresh difficulties awaited him. The keys that he difficulties awaited him. The keys that he had brought with him would not fit the locks he wished to try. He was compelled to delay until he could procure a complete set of housebreaking apparatus, and when this arrived he had again to watch his opportunity to renew his attempt. But a fresh disappointment awaited him, when after opening Eric's portmanteaus and the wardrobe and drawers in his room, he found no trace of the document that he was searching for. ing for.
Then he decided to wait until something

should occur to call for Mr. Vernon's de parture from Eversleigh. He communicated with Joe Watson, the companion in his exploit, who had accompanied him on many a hair-breadth's adventure before, and find-ing Joe at liberty laid his plans accord-

ingly.

Eric took fright, as Doggett expected he would do, when Mr. Webber announced his intention to call in the aid of detectives and

made arrangements, as we have seen, to depart on the following day.

Doggett noislessly followed Eric upstairs on the last evening of his stay, and with his eye and ear alternately at the key hole learned enough to convince him that Eric had taken the will, and for some hidden reason had neclected to destroy it. Thereupon son had neglected to destroy it. Thereupon, he decided to invoke Bennett's assistance; and the plan was hit upon, that by whatever train Eric elected to travel, Jenkins should contrive by some mishap on the road to cause him to miss the train, and drive Eric, in his hurry, to be gone, to avail himself of the express. The plan was exposed to sev-eral risks, but Doggett knew that he would not be entirely at the end of his resources if it came to grief. As we have seen, the fog came in to assist them, and Jenkins carried

out his part in the game successfully.

Nothing could exceed Eric's dismay when he recognised the detective and saw the stolen will dragged from his portmanteau in which he imagined it to be securely hidden. He knew that his theft laid him open to a criminal prosecution, and on his fears the detective played with great art, and

the detective played with great art, and brought matters to a conclusion.

He explained that he was employed by Mr. Webber, who, as the executor under the will, would take what proceedings he thought proper without troubling Miss Eversleigh in the matter, and that he (Eric) had nothing to hope for. Eric turned pale at this statement, declaring himself ready to promise anything if the matter could be hushed up. Whereupon Doggett, drawing the long bow considerably, avowed that his instructions were of the most precise character. They were to hand over Eric to the police immediately on the arrival of the train in London. But mercy might be shown to him on one condition—that Eric should write a confession of his guilt in terms approved of her the confession of the receivery of the stolen will, stolen will, solver former dispute respecting the succession to Eversleigh should provoke the rise of feeling that would keep them assunder all their lives. Wolf's luck was remarkable, as from the 13th to the 18th she took 18,000 more seals on board, and then bore up for home. She hunter before," she said, merrily, when she had finished her story.

"My darling!" he exclaimed; and he kissed her again and again, while Gwands. his guilt in terms approved of by the de-tective. If he complied with the terms there would be no proceedings, and the affair would be allowed to be forgotten. Eric agreed to the terms proposed, but refused to the last to humor the detective by disclosing the hiding-place of the will at

The next day Doggett returned to Ever-sleigh, carrying with him the will whose disappearance had created so much per-plexity, and Eric's confession in the follow-ing terms:

"I Eric Vernon, lately of Eversleigh Hall, do hereby admit and say that the will of my uncle, the late 'Squire of Eversleigh, was stolen by me. My motive in so doing was the belief that when my cousin Ralph realized that he was without means of any of Miss Eversleigh. I swear that this was restore the will except in a certain event rude. Do you know what poor dear that has not happened, and further than said? He said that Eric was Eric, that has not happened, and further than said? He

this I decline to say."

The confession was duly signed and witnessed, and produced a great shock on Miss Eversleigh's mind when she received it from Mr. Webber's hands shortly after the

"What can he mean," asked Miss Eversleigh, "by saying that he did not mean to restore the will except in a certain event that has not happened?"
"Do you really wish for my opinion?" "I do very much," Miss Eversleigh an-

swered.
"I think he meant to use the will as means of terrorising you. If you had de-clined his attentions, he would have threat-ened you with the loss of your estates, per-haps even shown you the will to prove that his threats were not idle. In any case, by restoring the will he would have taken what he considered his revenge upon you for preferring some other suitor."
"Poor cousin Eric, now deeply he has

sinned." was all that Gwendoling sinned," was all that Gwendoline could find to say; and after that the name of Eric Vernon was never mentioned at Eversleigh The recovery of the will deepened Miss

Eversleigh's anxiety to discover the where-abouts of her cousin Ralph. Neither she nor Mr. Webber, who shared her anxieties, had neglected hitherto to take steps to de-termine Ralph's movements on the morning of his interview with Gwendoline, but now that Doggett was at liberty the matter was confided to him.
"I feel sure you will find him," said Miss
Eversleigh, "and when you do, please telegraph to me and I will come at once. It
will be best that he should hear what has

happened from my lips." The detective smilingly took his leave, chuckling to himself as he thought: "That precious fool, Eric Vernon, has overreached himself; fallen a victim to his own cupidity. If he had let the will alone, he would have won the woman, though he would have lost the estate. Now he has lost both estate and mistress, too. Decidedly a case of caught in

Ralph's movements were difficult to trace He had been seen in Bemerton on the after-noon after his interview with Gwendoline, but after that all trace of him was lost. But the old and simple plan of advertisements offering a reward for information brought about the desired result. Dogget had been absent some time when information reached him which enabled him to telegraph as fol-

"Been very ill. Is now recovering. Ad

dress The George, Shrewsbury."

Ralph, after leaving his cousin Gwendo-line, suddenly resolved that he would not subject himself to the risks of another insubject himself to the risks of another in-terview with Gwendoline, lest he should be tempted to foreto his purpose of keeping silence on the subject of his love, which he had come to feel that he, a penniless man, had no right to speak of to his wealthy cousin. He set out walking toward Bemerton undecided what step to take, until it flashed across him that his mother's rela-

lows:

take shelter with them until he had time to think out his plans. "Who knows," he thought, "but I may settle down smong them, the humblest rustic of them all?" His mother's relatives, he knew, were farmers, and at this moment the only thing that occurred to him was to carry the only knowledge he had acquired to the most likely market that he knew of. In his perturbed state of mind he found walking a relief to him; and he accordingly set out to walk to Shropshire. But after getting several times drenched to the skin his strength gave way, and after arriving at Shrewsbury he took to his bed and awoke in a high state of fever. He was nearly convalescent now he took to his bed and awoke in a high state of fever. He was nearly convalescent now when Doggett found him, through the communications of the kind-hearted landlady. Miss Eversleigh set out for Shrewsbury, accompanied by her maid, immediately on the receipt of Doggett's telegram. The next day, when Ralph was sitting up for the first time, the landlady bustled into the room, saying, "There's a lady to see you, sir."

Before Ralph could recover from his surprise Gwendoline was kneeling at his feet with her arms thrown round his neck, and with her arms thrown round his neck, and her smiling face raised to his. Gwendoline looked very lovely as she knelt there, for though the griefs through which she had gone, and the trying anxieties of the past few weeks, that seemed to her now like an ugly dream, had told upon her, her excitement and joy on seeing Ralph again, had smoothed out the lines of care from her face and dwed her actily-rounded cheeks with

smoothed out the lines of care from her face and dyed her softly-rounded cheeks with deep rosy red. Ralph thought he had never seen her look so lovely before.

"Kiss me, Ralph," she said, after they had remained awhile, with eyes fastened on each other. "Kiss me," she repeated, with a touch of her old imperiousness.

Ralph kissed her on the brow.

"Not there, you foolish boy," Gwendoline said gaily. "On my lips, quick."
"Can this be true?" said Ralph, slowly, after he had kissed her. "Or am I deceiv-

'Can what be true?" asked Gwendoline. "Is it that you are here, or am I dream-"Very much here I should say," said Gwendoline, with a soft low laugh. "Has the will been found?" asked Ralph.

"Now, not a word about the will, Ralph," answered Gwendoline. "I am mistress of Eversleigh, you know. You settled it so, if you remember. Do you wish to go back on 'You know better than that," said Ralph,

sadly. "It passes my comprehension how my uncle could have imagined that I would succeed to Eversleigh. It belonged to you of right. What has old world customs got to do with such matters?" "Then you are quite content that I should remain mistress of Eversleigh?" asked Gwendoline, and there was a look of mischief in her eye, which, however, Ralph

"Quite content."
"Nevertheless I must break the spell of your illusion, Ralph," went on Gwendo-line, "You are the master of Eversleigh." "How so, if the will is not found?" asked

failed to notice.

tress' heart."
"Gwendoline!" exclaimed Ralph, trembling now with mingled apprehension and delight, doubting whether he understood her meaning.
"It is true, quite true," said Gwendoline

with downcast eyes.

Ralph drew her to his breast, and as he Ralph drew her to his breast, and as he held her there the throbbing of her heart told him all that he wished to know, and this time when his lips sought hers she returned his kiss.

Then she told him everything—of Eric's sin and Doggett's strategy, and her own little ruse in keeping back from him information of the recovery of the stolen will, lest the renewal of their former dispute respecting the specession to Eversleigh should

"I do not understand it," Ralph said, presently. "When did you begin to love ask from their mistresses. "I think I have always loved you, Ralph,"

Gwendoline said, softly.
"But you did not show it," said Ralph, go the right way. But you were my sulky bear all the time. And then, when I knew no change in me would produce any change in you, that you would love me still, whatever came—that I was necessary to you, in fact—why, I was pleased—where is the woman that would not be?—and I meant to

tell you all this before, but you went away."
"But Eric-"Not a word about Eric. That was only passing infatuation because you were ude. Do you know what poor dear papa thoughtful for himself—very thoughtful,"
"The 'Squire was right," said Ralph with

emphasis. Ralph reigns at Eversleigh now, and makes, as Gwendoline predicted, a good master and a good landlord to his tenants. He is very happy and very proud of his beautiful wife, for, as he says, "She not only gave me herself, but if Eversleigh had not been left to me she would have given me Eversleigh too. I hold all I have in trust for her and our children."

THE END. Next Saturday, "AN OLD MAN'S DARLING." AN OLD RAT'S CAUTION A Mother's Rodent's Care for the Health of

Her Young Illustrated.

Officer Farrell in Globe-Democrat. J

One very warm night last summer I happened to be standing in the back yard of a representative rockery in Clabber alley near an old chicken coop. The moon was shining upon the coop, and as I stood in the shadow of the house I noticed the head of a gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rathole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, the old rodent made cautious exit from the home retreat and moved cautiously to a pan of water standing near. Presently five half-grown young ones rushed out and raced to see which was the first to the water. The old rodent seemed much alarmed, and, with a with a bound, leaped to the edge of the pan, raised herself on her haunches and bit and scratched at her offspring whenever they attempted to reach the pan.

Presently I learned the reason of the

Presently I learned the reason of the mother rat's action. After she had succeeded in chasing the young ones back into their hole, she wet her whiskers in the water, looked rather suspiciously about, and sipped the water very cautiously, as if to whether or not it contained poisonous or deleterious matter. Then, after a satisfied glance all round, she gave a squeak, and the five young rats, came running out and all five young rats came running out and all drank their fill. The noise of the sergeant's club at the corner of the house fright them off and I had to go.

Twins With but One Set of Teeth.

"Speakin' of twins," said the old man Chumpkins, "there was two boys raised in our neighborhood that looked just alike till their dyin' day. Lem didn't have any teeth and his brother, Dave, did, but they looked pre-cisely alike all the same. The only way you could tell 'em apart was to put your finger in Lem's mouth and if he

LADY CAMPBELL from London to

## BEATS GOLD MINING.

This Season's Enormous Catch of Seals Off the Greenland Coast.

VALUABLE SIX WEEKS WORK.

Boats Throw Away Fuel and Food to Make Room for Skins.

A TOTAL OF 450,000 HIDES CAPTURED

St. John's, N. F., "April 26 .- Over \$1,-000,000 earned inside of six weeks catching and killing seals! And these are not the sealskin sacque seal, either, but the oil seal and the seal whose skin, covered with its rough, absolutely lusterless and bristle-like hair, is used for covering trunks, making boots and horse covers, and cheap but everlasting caps and coats. It is now certain that the seal fishery of 1889 will be the largest and most successful for many years past. The weather, in the first place, has been of just the proper sort for the industry. The ice has all been well off-shore, so that sailing vessels and steamers got clear with little trouble, and moved about the coast freely. The ice did not, as is usual, pack, because the prevailing winds during the season were light and favorable. Thus nearly all the fleet of sealers bound north struck seals a few days after leaving port, and most of them got full cargoes in astonishingly short spaces of time. Only one steamer, the Eagle, missed them entirely.

The catching of these harp (or Greenland) seals is an industry upon which the entire island of Newfoundland depends for prosperity during the ensuing year. Inor even only half successful, there is wide spread distress during the succeeding summer; and alongshore especially, where hundreds of people depend entirely upon seal-ing for subsistence, a failure means starvation almost. In the northern bays everybody turns out seal-killing-priests, ministers, women, children and merchants-and one woman in White Bay is reported this season to have killed and hauled ashore over 400 seals. She is 55 years old, and has noquired a snug fortune, owing to her skill in

REMARKABLE LUCK.

The sea fishing is carried on by steamer and sailing vessels, the former in the ma-jority, with crews of from 20 to 60 men each. After clearing away the young "harps," which are always nearest to shore and exempt from capture, the fleet this season was very fortunate in striking the "hoods which, later in whelping, are further out to sea. The seals congregate in thousands on great floes of field ice, and are so stupid and slow that neither registrates. slow that neither resistance to capture nor effort to escape is made when the fortunate crew goes among them with clubs, hatchets, knives and other weapons. There is liter-ally a slaughter until no more live seals are to be found. Then the carcasses are loaded on the steamer, and she goes in search of other droves. The steamer Wolf was the first to arrive here this season with a full cargo. She left port on March 9 and struck the seals on the 11th midway between Quirpon and Groals Island. On the 12th her crew killed 10,000 seals and 8,000 of them aboard, having to lay by

worth \$2 50 each. The value of the Wolf's cargo is \$70,000. Not a bad 11 days' work. Since the Wolf's arrival, the Ranger has Since the Wolf's arrival, the Ranger has come in with the finest cargo of the season. The Ranger presented a remarkable sight as she came into port, loaded down, as she was, until her decks were awash with the sea. Her space had been divided by planks, and the seals were piled up so that there was hardly room for the man at the wheel. Balper ton thrown overboard to make room for seals worth \$80 per ton. Every bunk was filled with the precious fat, and the men slept where they could or in the boats, which were also full of fat.

MAKING MONEY RAPIDLY.

Even the provisions were brought from the hold and hoisted aloft, where casks of pork and barrels of flour and bags of potatoes swung in the breeze, giving the steamer an appearance that can easier be imagined than described. The Ranger had on board 38,000 seals, and all of them fine and in good condition, valued at over \$100,000 She was out 19 days. The Walrus arrived next with 15,000

seals, her full capacity; then came the Nep-

tune, her men virtually hanging on by their finger nails to a cargo of 30,000 seals; the Hector had 15,000; the Equimanx 32,000, the Terro Nova 31,000, the Falcon 27,000, the Vanguard 19,000, the Kite 29,000 and the Panther 16,000. The latter vessel lost 6,000 from her decks in a heavy gale, the seals having to be thrown overboard to the seals having to be thrown overboard to prevent her foundering. These vessels, except the Panther, are all from the north. In the gulf there are at least a dozen vessels, nearly all of which have been heard from, reporting excellent catches. It is thought the catch this year by vessels will exceed 450,000 and to this is set to be added to. 000, and to this is yet to be added the shore catch, which will probably amount in Newfoundland to between 50,000 and 70,000. When it is understood that this is all done inside of six weeks, it is a remarkable showing, and business prospects are wonderfully brightened by the unexpectedly large seal catch. It will also have the effect of increasing the fleet of vessels engaged in the Banks fishery. It is estimated that this season the fleet will number over 600 vessels, more than 200 increase over last year. It is not so long ago that the Newfoundland fleet of Bankers was very small—not more than 25. Last year there were 400; and one place in Planette Ray which last year aget 10 benkers. centia Bay which last year sent 10 bankers will this year send 40, and the prospects are correspondingly increased all over the

WATER AS A NARCOTIC

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Some of the doctors have been telling their experience in practicing "the faith cure;" in other words, working on an imagination of their patients. Besides the bread pills of which our fathers partook, it seems that now we are indulging in small doses of injected water in the place of morphine. One of the Manhattan hospital physicians asserts that it often puts a patient to sleep quite as well as the drug. Dr. Clinton gives water, tinetured with quinine, instead of morphine, and reports that it works wonders. So also salt and water are surreptitiously administered in place of b

Are we in reality only bundles of fancies; or are we developing into a physical era, in which the mind shall control the body in ways not formerly possible? Can we not manage in some way to fool ourselves and so go to sleep without being fooled by the doctors? Who will invent a substantial

LILLIAN SPENCER has a vivid account of a Cha